A

POEM

TO HIS

MAJESTY.

Presented to the

LORD KEEPER.

By Mr. *ADDISON*, of *Mag.* Coll. *Oxon.*

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir John Sommers,

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

IF yet Your Thoughts are looſe from State Affairs,
Nor feel the Burden of a Kingdom's Cares;
If yet Your Time and Actions are Your own:
Receive the Preſent of a Muſe unknown.
A Muſe that, in Advent'rous Numbers, Sings
The Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Kings,
Brittain *Advanc'd, and* Europe's *Peace Reſtor'd,*
By Sommer's *Counſels, and by* NASSAU's *Sword.*

To You, my Lord, theſe daring Thoughts belong,
Who help'd to Raiſe the Subject of my Song;

To

To You the Hero *of my Verſe Reveals*
His Great Deſigns, to You in Council tells
His Inmoſt Thoughts, determining the Doom
Of Towns Unſtorm'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well cou'd You, in Your Immortal Strains,
Deſcribe his Conduct, and Reward his Pains:
But ſince the State has all Your Cares engroſt,
And Poetry in Higher Thoughts is loſt,
Attend to what a leſſer Muſe Indites,
Pardon her Faults, and Countenance her Flights.

On You, my Lord, with anxious Fear I wait,
And from Your Judgment muſt expect my Fate,
Who, free from Vulgar Paſſions, are above
Degrading Envy, or Miſguided Love;
If You, well-pleas'd, ſhall Smile upon my Lays,
Secure of Fame, my Voice I'le boldly Raiſe,
For next to what You Write, is what You Praiſe.

TO

To the King.

WHen now the Buſineſs of the Field is o're,
The Trumpets ſleep, and Cannons ceaſe to Roar,
When ev'ry diſmal Eccho is decay'd,
And all the Thunder of the Battel laid;
Attend, Auſpicious *Prince*, and let the Muſe,
In humble Accents, milder Thoughts infuſe.

Others, in bold Prophetick Numbers skill'd,
Set Thee in Arms, and led Thee to the Field,
My Muſe expecting on the *Britiſh* Strand,
Waits Thy Return, and welcomes Thee to Land:
She oft has ſeen Thee Preſſing on the Foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durſt not in Heroick Strains rejoice;
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons drown'd her Voice:
She ſaw the *Boyn* run thick with Humane Gore,
And floating Corps lye beating on the Shore;
She ſaw Thee climb the Banks, but tri'd in vain
To Trace her *Hero* through the duſty Plain,
When thro' the thick Embattel'd Lines He broke,
Now plung'd amidſt the Foes, now loſt in Clouds of Smoke.

O that ſome Muſe, Renown'd for lofty Verſe,
In daring Numbers wou'd Thy Toils reherſe!
Draw Thee Belov'd in Peace, and Fear'd in Wars,
Inur'd to Noon-day Sweats, and Mid-night Cares!
But ſtill the God-like Man by ſome hard Fate,
Receives the Glory of his Toils too late;
Too late the Verſe the Mighty Act ſucceeds,
One Age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.

A Thouſand Years in full Succeſſion ran,
E're *Virgil* rais'd his Voice, and ſung the Man
Who, driv'n by ſtreſs of Fate, ſuch Dangers bore
On ſtormy Seas, and a diſaſtrous Shore,
Before he ſettl'd in the Promis'd Earth,
And gave the Empire of the World its Birth.

Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
E're *Homer* Muſter'd up their Troops in Verſe;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans* Luſt,
And laid the Labour of the Gods in Duſt,
Before the Tow'ring Muſe began her Flight,
And drew the Hero Raging in the Fight;
Engag'd in tented Fields, and rolling Floods,
Or Slaught'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring Doom,
Some Mighty Bard lies hid in Years to come,
That ſhall in *WILLIAM*'s God-like Acts engage,
And, with his Battels, warm a Future Age:
Hibernian Fields ſhall here thy Conqueſts ſhow,
And *Boyn* be Sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here *Gallick* Labours ſhall advance Thy Fame,
And here *Seneff* ſhall wear another Name.
Our late Poſterity, with ſecret dread,
Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleaſure read
How, in the bloody Field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltleſs Bullet on Thy Shoulder glanc'd.

The Race of *NASSAUS* was by Heav'n deſign'd,
To curb the proud Oppreſſors of Mankind,
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with Laws,
And Fight in ev'ry Injur'd Nation's Cauſe;
The World's Great Patriots; they for Juſtice call,
And as They Favour, Kingdoms Riſe or Fall.
Our *Britiſh* Youth, unus'd to Rough Alarms,
Careleſs of Fame, and negligent of Arms,
Had long forgot to Meditate the Foe,
And heard unwarm'd the Martial Trumpet blow;
But now, inſpir'd by Thee, with freſh delight,
Their Swords they brandiſh, and require the Fight,

Renew

Renew their Antient Conqueſts on the Main,
And Act their Fathers Triumphs o're again;
Fire'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was ſtrow'd
With *Gallic* Corps, and *Creſſy* ſwam in Blood.
With eager warmth they Fight, Ambitious all
Who firſt ſhall ſtorm the Breach, or mount the Wall;
In vain the thronging Enemy by force
Would clear the Ramparts, and repel their courſe;
They break through all, for *WILLIAM* leads the way,
Where Fires rage moſt, and loudeſt Engines play.
Namure's late Terrours and Deſtruction ſhow,
What *WILLIAM*, warm'd with juſt Revenge, can do:
Where once a thouſand Turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded Spires, and glitter'd in the Skie,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap of Duſt is found,
And all the Pile lies ſmoaking on the ground.

His Toils for no Ignoble Ends deſign'd,
Promote the common Welfare of Mankind;
No wild Ambition moves, but *Europe*'s Fears,
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widdows Tears;
Oppreſt Religion gives the firſt Alarms,
And Injur'd Juſtice ſets him in his Arms;
His Conqueſts Freedom to the World afford,
And Nations Bleſs the Labours of His Sword.

Thus

Thus when the forming Muſe wou'd Copy forth
A perfect Pattern of Heroick Worth,
She ſets a Man Triumphant in the Field,
O're Giants cloven down, and Monſters kill'd,
Reeking in Blood, and ſmear'd with duſt and ſweat,
Whilſt Angry Gods conſpire to make him Great.

Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unpreſt,
And ſtrikes a Terror through the Haughty *Eaſt*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their ſultry ſhore
With horrour hear the *Brittiſh* Engines Roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wiſh themſelves ſtill nearer to the Sun.
The *Gallick* Ships are in their Ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common uſe of Sea and Wind,
Nor dare again the *Brittiſh* Strength Engage;
Still they remember that deſtructive Rage
Which lately made their trembling Hoſt retire,
Stunn'd with the Noiſe, and wrapt in Smoak and Fire;
The Waves with wide unnumber'd Wrecks were ſtrow'd,
And Planks, and Arms, and Men, promiſcuous flow'd.

Spain's numerous Fleet that periſht on our Coaſt,
Cou'd ſcarce a longer Line of Battel boaſt,

The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.

Where-e're the Waves in reſtleſs Errors roll,
The Sea lies open now to either Pole:
Now may we ſafely uſe the *Northern* Gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* ſpread our Sails;
Or deep in *Southern* Climes, ſecure from Wars,
New Lands explore, and ſail by other Stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each Labour of the Sun,
And make the Product of the World our own.

At length, Proud Prince, Ambitious *Lewis*, ceaſe
To plague Mankind, and trouble *Europe*'s Peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has raſe't,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of Corps, and ſtreams of Blood,
On every guilty Plain, and purple Flood
Thy Arms have made, and ceaſe an impious War,
Nor waſte the Lives entruſted to thy Care:
Or if no milder Thought can calm thy Mind,
Behold the great Avenger of Mankind,
See mighty *NASSAU* through the Battel ride,
And ſee thy Subjects gaſping by his ſide:
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuſe th' Allarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;

But when thy Cruelties his Thoughts engage,
The Hero kindles with becoming Rage,
Then Countries ſtoln, and Captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to ev'ry Blow, and edge his Sword;
Behold with what reſiſtleſs Force he falls
On Towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy Walls!
Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The Town ſurrender'd, and the Treaty ſeal'd;
With what amazing ſtrength the Forts were won,
Whilſt the whole Pow'r of *France* ſtood looking on.

But ſtop not here, behold where *Berkley* ſtands,
And executes his injur'd King's Commands;
Around thy Coaſt his burſting Bombs he pours
On flaming Cittadels, and falling Tow'rs;
With hizzing ſtreams of Fire the Air they ſtreak,
And hurl Deſtruction round 'em where they break;
The Skies with long aſcending Flames are bright,
And all the Sea reflects a quivering Light.

Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with Aſhes, and the Earth with Smoke;
Here Crags of broken Rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten Stones and ſcatter'd Cindars flye,
Its Fury reaches the remoteſt Coaſt,
And ſtrows the *Aſiatick* Shore with Duſt.

Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main
Look after *Gallick* Towns and Forts in vain,
No more his wonted Marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd Ruin lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the naked Coaſt, he ſhows
His wondring Mates where Towns and Steeples roſe,
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once *St. Maloes* ſtood.

Here *Ruſſel's* Actions ſhould my Muſe require;
And wou'd my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'de all his boundleſs Bravery reherſe,
And draw his Cannons thundring in my Verſe:
High on the Deck ſhou'd the Great Leader ſtand,
Wrath in his Look, and Lightning in his Hand;
Like *Homer's Hector* when he flung his Fire
Amidſt a thouſand Ships, and made all *Greece* retire.

But who can run the *Britiſh* Triumphs o're,
And count the Flames diſperſt on ev'ry Shore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd Victory,
And draw the Reader on from Sea to Sea?
Elſe who cou'd *Ormond's* God-like Acts refuſe,
Ormond the Theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muſe?

Fain wou'd I here his Mighty Worth Proclaim;
Attend him in the Noble Chace of Fame,
Through all the Noiſe and Hurry of the Fight;
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our *Britiſh* Peers thus Court Renown,
And Grace the Coats, their Great Fore-Fathers won!
Our Arms wou'd then Triumphantly advance,
Nor *Henry* be the Laſt that Conquer'd *France.*
What might not *England* hope if ſuch abroad,
Purchas'd their Country's Honour with their Blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our State
In *WILLIAM*'s ſtead, and bear a Kingdom's Weight,
The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o're-throw,
And blaſt the Councils of the common Foe;
Direct our Armies, and diſtribute Right,
And render our *MARIA*'s loſs more light.

But ſtop, my Muſe, th' ungrateful Sound forbear,
MARIA's Name ſtill wounds each *Britiſh* Ear:
Each *Britiſh* Heart *MARIA* ſtill does Wound,
And Tears burſt out unbidden at the Sound;
MARIA ſtill our riſing Mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Ships appear!
Our *NASSAU* comes! And as his Fleet draws near,

The riſing Maſts advance, the Sails grow white,
And all the Pompous Navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty Prince, deſir'd of *Brittain*, come!
May Heav'n's Propitious Gales attend Thee home!
Come, and let longing Crowds behold that look,
Which ſuch Confuſion and Amazement ſtrook
Through *Gallick* Hoſts: But, Oh! let us deſcrie
Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleaſure in thy Eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy Face be found,
But for a while forget the Trumpet's Sound;
Well-pleas'd, thy Peoples Loyalty approve,
Accept their Duty, and Enjoy their Love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the Tumult of the Fight,
Whole heaps of Death encompas'd you around,
And Steeds o're-turn'd lay Foaming on the Ground:
So Crown'd with Laurels now, where-e're you go,
Around you Blooming Joys, and peaceful Bleſſings flow.

FINIS.